

"Hollywood Driveby"

(feat. PsychoRealm, Sick Symphonies)

[Immortal Technique]

Somebody talk shit to me in L.A., would never live
Cause brown rolls deeper than red or blue, ever did
I got bullets that'll rip through yo' ribs
More painful than watchin R. Kelly piss on yo' kids
Here's the ultimatum motherfucker, give me the ASCAP
Or give America Biggie and 2Pac flashbacks
Some niggaz don't think the underground is grimy and dirty
'til they find your body on a fuckin highway in Jersey
I fire rockets at generic topics
Your lyrics don't hold weight, like two-dimensional objects
Cause jail culture didn't give you that fitted hat
to memorize a ghostwritten shit verse and spit it back
I won't let your wack rhymes redefine lyricism
For a whole generation with they fathers in prison
You live inside the image of an era that's gone
Like government officials tryin to justify Vietnam
I leave niggaz traumatized, like they momma died
And they was responsible for the drive-by homicide
And I don't market revolution, I live it
What you think cause you fake everyone else is a gimmick?
Jealous bickering, industry slaves, the nerve of you
Like a child prostitute born into a life of servitude
Until we murder you, makin the red carpet burgundy
With PsychoRealm in the streets where I prefer to be

[Chorus: Immortal Technique]

Hollywood drive-by, motherfuckin murder-fest
Weed clouds in the air, that cause turbulence
Revolucion, motherfucker you heard of it
I light the spliff with the flag, while I'm burnin it
Hollywood drive-by, sprayin the cucarachas
War with the system like the streets of Oaxaca
Yeah, revolucion, motherfucker you scared of it?
Well it's comin to the industry now, so be prepared for it

[PsychoRealm]

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats
You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full *[scratches]*
You're on some bull *{*scratches*}* you're on some bull *[scratches]*

You're on some bullshit tracks, I spit them full-clip raps
While most of these gangsta rappers are some full-fledged rats
The real G's stay strapped in full combat
What you see in the videos is full-on acts
The streets don't believe you homie
Armageddon in the rap game is comin and we lead the army

Rock tear a tape out of yo' sounds
Got hostages in pink, this is what they call hip-hop now?
I keep that metro shit out of my whip
Man that dummy rap is through makin money, it's about to extinct
You know the radio tryin to kill rap with that shit
The only thing dyin is the DJ's when the K spit
We're here to CEO's, and blow up A&R's
I'm takin your chips like crashing your game of cards
This is how I eat holmes, I would give you buzz
And take the life of these stars for this thing of ours

[Chorus]

[Sick Symphonies]

Yeah, uhh
I'm from the city of falling stars, the home of banging hard
Waiting for them at the Radio City Hall to snatch 'em out their fucking cars
Expose 'em for what they are - NARCs, jakes, snake informants
Feeding us horse shit, blaze up all of them
They say hip-hop doesn't exist
Rappers talking hard dressed up like punk rock kids
Pumped up by some corporate endorsement, dead corpses are voiceless
No one hears ya homie, ya little fame is over
We'll send little homies foreclosure
like bankers, cause you owe us the mortgage
For exploiting the lifestyle that many died, jailed up in storage
Leaving most of us hopeless, homies radio focused
What we're building got 'em all afraid
Give me the K, I'll be honored to ignite the flame
that'll, burn down the game, what's fame? Keep it
A movement, a sonic war, motherfucker you sleepin

[Chorus]